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ART NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS.

SIR: I want to make a handsome table-cover at least two yards square for my back parlor. Can you help me with suggestions? I saw a Turkish table-cloth once that would just suit me, but if I could find one, the price would probably be more than I ought to spend, so I would prefer to make one. It was black broadcloth worked in chainstitch in interlaced palm leaves in many colored silks, the design completely covering the cloth. The effect was not gaudy, but that of a rich "bloom" on the cloth. Could you tell me how or where to get the patterns and a guide to the coloring? If not, will you kindly suggest something as handsome. A. M. T., Iron Mountain, Mich.

We think you could hardly do better than use the design given for a portière in the May number of *The Art Amateur* (page 127). We would not, however, recommend a black ground, since you would thus lose the effect gained by darning the background all over with a darker shade of the color used for a foundation or with an harmoniously contrasting shade such as brown or green, or red or gray. By this method the design is richly brought out with little labor. The flowers can be wrought in various hues after the manner of Oriental work. The border can be of a dark shade of the color used for the centre, in which case it should not be darned, but the design must be worked on it entirely in solid embroidery; for the centre the disks and foliage are merely outlined, to accentuate their form, with stem or rope stitch.

CHRISTMAS MOTTOES.

- "Then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."
—*Shakespeare.*
- "It is the blessed Christmas tide,
The Christmas lights are all aglow."
—*Whittier.*
- "Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing."
—*Whittier.*
- "This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface."
—*Old Song.*
- "At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."
—*Old Almanac.*
- "Now thrice welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Mince pies and plum pudding,
Good ale and strong beer."
—*Old Song.*
- "Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne-set let it burne."
—*Herrick.*
- "Give the honour to this day
That sees December turn'd to May."
—*Herrick.*
- "Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums."
—*Herrick.*
- "Those who at Christmas would repine,
And would fain hence despatch him,
May they with Old Duke Humphrey dine,
Or else may Squire Ketch catch him."
—*Old Song.*
- "Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye,
And ever more be merry."
—*George Wither.*
- "Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning."
—*Old Song.*
- "Yet will they not let this day pass,
The merrie day of old Christmas."
—*Herrick.*
- "Christmas shall come again
Spite of wind and snow and rain."
—*Herrick.*
- "Let winter breathe a fragrance forth
Like as the purple spring."
—*Herrick.*
- "Christmas, the joyous period of the year,
The threshold bind with boughs."
—*Herrick.*
- "Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pile,
Crack nuts and cry Ule!"
—*Old Song.*
- "The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true."
—*Old Song.*
- "A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold
And meat for great and small."
—*Old Song.*
- "Lo, now is come our joyfull'st feast."
—*Old Song.*
- "With auld fashion when Christmas is come
To call in his neighbours with bag-pipe and drum."
—*Old Ballad.*
- "God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."
—*Old Carol.*
- "All hail! The bells of Christmas ring!"
—*Whittier.*

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THAT the Haseltine picture galleries at Philadelphia are the finest show rooms of an art dealer in this or any other country may be safely hazarded, although the statement seems a bold one. Among many interesting paintings noticed there recently were a sparkling Pasini, "Outside the Mosque," a good Constant and a vigorous Raffaelli. Most of the important canvases were out on exhibition in Chicago and St. Louis, which just now are the especial art centres for modern pictures. Mr. Haseltine tells us that he will soon receive from Paris the "David," by Moreau, and "Le Troupeau," by Rosa Bonheur, an elaborate composition, and, judging from the etching lately published of it, one worthy of the reputation of this famous artist.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCKS appear still to enjoy the full popularity they regained a few years ago. At Bailey, Banks & Biddle's, in Philadelphia, there is a very good show of them just now—some of the clocks faithful copies of old work; others are modernized in detail. The huge Malpais "Exhibition Vase" from Paris is also there, with a group of very fine Sèvres. The cut glass on view in the same place is unusually good, while the specimens of Stemware "First Empire" glass in white and gold show an exquisite manufacture that fulfils the double purpose of beauty and fitness.

AT EARLE'S GALLERY, among other excellent pictures, we noticed recently a charming female figure called "Spring," by Chaplin; "November Meadows" and "An Autumn Landscape," by Bolton Jones, and "Woods in Sunshine," an original and cleverly painted landscape. W. T. Richards is represented by one of his familiar Cornish coast pieces; J. G. Brown by one of his typical bootblacks waiting for a job; Percy Moran by a dainty female figure in old-time attire.

New Publications.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE END OF THE OLD RÉGIME (Charles Scribner's Sons) is the study which, in regard to the period treated of, should head the series of "Famous Women of the French Court," by M. Imbert de Saint Amand, and which Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry has undertaken to render into English. The author begins his narrative with the birth of the Dauphin and the visit of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, during which the old society was at its highest pitch of splendor. The production of "The Marriage of Figaro" he regards as the first overt step toward revolution. The affair of the diamond necklace is developed in half a dozen chapters, which would be the most interesting reading in the book were it not that Carlyle had treated the subject still more fully and more picturesquely. From this point we are carried by short stages into the thick of the Revolution. We listen to Cazotte's predictions, we witness the Assembly of the Notables, the procession of the fourth of May, and end with that other procession of the Parisian rabble which captured the King and Queen and brought them prisoners to Paris. All of this is also told by Carlyle in a manner which makes that of M. de Saint Amand, or his translator, seem commonplace. The present book, however, presents the story in a new light, as it appears to an admirer of the old régime, and in particular of the old French aristocracy. He is not always logical nor consistent, except in the matter of taking every opportunity of slurring over disagreeable details and of dwelling upon every occasion of festivity or rejoicing which he can find in this gloomy period.

In "The Wife of the First Consul" our author is much more at his ease. It suits him better to tell the story of the formation of a court than that of its destruction. Accordingly, in his descriptions of Parisian society in the year VIII., of the grounds and palace of Malmaison and its gorgeous fêtes; his quotations from the memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat and the Duchess D'Abrantes he is at his best. He is full of anecdotes and references to little known documents. The period chosen, that of the Consulate, is the most interesting in Napoleon's career; and though it ends with the tragic death of the Duke D'Enghien, his book leaves, on the whole, a pleasant impression. Other volumes of the series soon to be issued are: "Citizeness Bonaparte," "Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire" and "The Court of the Empress Josephine." They are illustrated with portraits, clearly printed on heavy paper and bound in blue cloth.

IN THE TRAGIC MUSE (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Henry James, Jr., has undertaken to analyze, explain and defend the artistic conscience. He writes for the British public, or that large majority of it which either denies the existence of such a thing or despises or detests it. With extreme gentleness and by imperceptible degrees he breaks the alarming news that he, Henry James, Jr., does not agree on this point with the British Philistine. He shows the artistic conscience clouded with doubt and vanity in Nick Dormer, who feels himself intended by nature for a portrait painter, but who allows himself to be made a Member of Parliament instead. He shows it serene but ill-informed in his engaging sister Biddy; enlightened but weak in their kinsman, Peter Sherringham, and clear and triumphant in the actress, Miriam Rooth, Peter's protégée—the "Tragic Muse."

As is usual with Mr. James, we are kept very long waiting in the outer court among the Philistines and the potters, so long that, even with the most determined skipping, we have time and opportunity enough to admire the delicate art with which he presents common platitudes as if they were gems of thought, dull and vapid personalities as though they were really worthy the reader's attention. Why should they not be when they are worthy his? "En v'la des abrutis!" he makes the French passers-by say of his little British group in the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie; and these "abrutis" are slowly revolved before the reader until he knows them as intimately as a milliner does the revolving doll in her show-window. The acquaintance is about as improving. Before we meet the heroine we are not left without consolation. If Nick Dormer and Lady Agnes depend entirely on what Mr. James can do for them, Biddy is ingenious and pathetic, and Gabriel Nash is the beau-ideal of an aesthete who has given up the practice of art as too gross and destructive of style, and who lives to distinguish shades of impressions. And when we do get to the heroine all these queer folk begin to be interesting. She is like a live performer with a stage full of marionettes. She pulls their strings; they occupy her and bring out her idiosyncrasies. And when, at last, Mr. Sherringham proposes to share his diplomatic career with her if she will give up the stage, and Miriam, in return, proposes to make a husband-in-waiting of him if he will give up diplomacy, the contrast is decidedly piquant—between flesh and wood.

AZTEC LAND, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The title of this book is a romance in itself, for hardly any subject suggests the marvellous and unknown more than the scene of that wonderful Old World civilization of the Aztecs. It is a little disappointing to find that the author hardly does more than touch upon the past; but he devotes careful observation to Mexico as it is. Written in an easy style, yet displaying an unusually keen insight of the half barbaric country it describes, the volume is readable from cover to cover. The author evidently holds the religion inherited from the Spaniards accountable for most of the things that, in his opinion, retard the progress of the people. The parallel between old Egypt and Mexico is also dear to him, and his facts in support of this view are both curious and interesting. Altogether Mr. Ballou affords us a capital example of intelligent travel talk, and leaves the reader anxious to go over the ground that has been exploited for his amusement and instruction.

A SOUTH SEA LOVER, by Alfred St. Johnston (Macmillan & Co.), recounts the adventures in Eastern Polynesia of an English sailor who enters into bonds of "blood-brotherhood" with a Papuan savage. The romantic friendships of the two men, something like what Mr. Bret Harte describes to us as subsisting among Californian miners and backwoodsmen when they take "Partners," is the motive of the story. Both Chris North and his friend, Soma, fall in love with Omean girls; but their passions are quite secondary to that which binds them together as brothers. North breaks the "Taboo" which has been imposed on the girl he has grown fond of, and thus precipitates a war between the tribe to which he has affiliated himself and a neighboring one. He and Soma are taken prisoners, but escape during a cyclone. On their return to the latter's village North is condemned to death for breaking the "Taboo," he is about to be cast into the crater of a volcano when Soma offers himself as a voluntary substitute and dies in his stead. The book shows considerable knowledge of savage manners and customs, and contains many exciting passages.

GIRLS AND WOMEN, by E. Chester (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is full of good practical advice for young women

just beginning life. The author lays down sound rules for exercise, work and diet. She deprecates the unfortunate system of culture that consists of lectures sandwiched between parties and balls and concerts, and prefers a practical education, of which the main elements are reading, cooking and sewing. Two chapters are devoted to the question of "Self-support." "Culture" and "The Essentials of a Lady" are given two more. Her remarks about the practice of art as a means of livelihood, though few, are sensible enough to quote. "Few persons have genius enough to undertake any artistic work if they have a pressing need for the money they are to receive from it," she says. "With ever so small an income from other sources, they may cheerfully try their best and prove what they can do. But with no income at all, they will be too greatly tempted to prostitute the talent they have." In another place she advises that young women of an artistic turn should devote themselves to the simpler kinds of decoration rather than to picture painting, which, to do well requires many years' special training. With this, of course, we thoroughly agree.

ASCUTNEY STREET, by A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Granted a somewhat unreal atmosphere, wherein people address each other in the language of "Alice in Wonderland," and sentiment is near akin to sentimentality, and you have said all that may be against a very pure and interesting story. The petty aims and jealousies of suburban life are contrasted with the nobler ideals of charity and true dignity in a way that is worthy of imitation in far more important novels. This book is of the school of "John Halifax," and should obtain a wide circle of readers—as wide as that attracted by its model. The studies of childhood in it are true and prettily told.

A LITTLE BOOK OF PROFITABLE TALES by Eugene Field (Charles Scribner's Sons). To catch the simple charm of Hans Andersen's tales is given to few, if any of his followers. That Mr. Field has not entirely succeeded is no reproach to a very charming volume. The "Yaller Baby" indeed has a touch of human pathos perhaps deeper than even the Danish story-teller evoked. The first stories of the Christ child come with an artificial note that is absent later in the book, when Western themes supply the motives. The author can tell a short story, half fable, half allegory, well, and succeed in inducing his readers to try another and yet another until the book is read. Probably Mr. Field sets most value on his more fantastic sketches, but the modern idiom of "Dock Stebbins" and "The Cyclopedy" stay in memory long after the more conscious effort to be quaint, as in "The Mouse and the Moonbeam" or "The Fairies of Pesth," has ceased to charm.

IN "STAGELAND" Mr. Jerome is ably assisted by an artist to whom his brethren and sisters of the stage owe a tremendous debt of gratitude. J. Bernard Partridge has put upon paper counterfeits of the counterfeits of the stage, "hero," "villain," "heroine," "comic man" and other quaint theatrical creatures, which err, if they err at all, in ascribing too much talent to their originals. Yet it is easy to see that they are player folks. Only if such a company were ever got together what a furor it would create. The "adventurers" with her most expressive train; the "servant-girl" in all her varieties; the "lawyer," old style and new, are as happily hit off as the "comic lovers," who bump up against one another and go off together fighting, or the "detective" who sees through every disguise. (Henry Holt & Co.)

THE PAINTER POETS, edited by Kineton Parkes. (Walter Scott, New York.) "Raphael made a century of sonnets, made and wrote them, in a certain volume," sings Browning; but the book was lost, and so the editor of this anthology has given of the great Italian's rhyming. Indeed he has limited the selection to British artists, and included, to tell the truth, some rhymes that are little better than the paintings of the third-rate ones who strung them together. Yet the idea of the selection is a happy one, and despite the obvious flaws, the bulk of the extracts are well chosen and merit their choice. To an artistic person the little book is worth having. Rossetti, William Morris, William Blake and, possibly, Bell Scott deserve the double epithet, for in paint or words they prove the right to the title. But to hold that Thomas Hood or Thackeray were painters is taking some license, and that certain others included who make paint are also to be considered poets is demanding too much. Still the rhymes of Walter Crane, Sir Noel Paton, John Ruskin and J. W. M. Turner have interest far in excess of the intrinsic merits of the poetry. As the editor points out, very few of the painters have sung of their art; and the sense of color that one would expect to be very strongly marked is not conspicuous beyond the limit of ordinary verse. Still as a curiosity the book deserves knowing, for it has a zest of its own, and if certain heroes in paint are but commonplace men when they try to rhyme, the touch of human failure is not without a charm of its own, for it shows the man apart from the art that has been his life-work.

A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE, by Eugene Field (Charles Scribner's Sons). The popular author of "The Little Peach" needs no fresh laurels for immortality. In both hemispheres those bewitchingly nonsensical lines have provoked thousands to irresistible laughter. In his dialect verses he has done work that will live, and despite the grace and artistic finish of his lyrics one feels that his photographs of common folk to-day will be remembered when his clever studies after Chaucer and the old ballad writers are forgotten. These seem somewhat ungrateful thanks for a volume that has so many enjoyable pages, but it is the very excellence of Mr. Field's best that makes his second-best less delightful. In translations from Horace the oft paraphrased "Fountain of Bandusia" is again gracefully turned, but the false rhyme "sillier" to "Ilia" jars and spoils the effect of "Lydia and Horace," with which Mr. Gladstone's version in the current Scribner's may be compared. For a book of verse to be read this takes a front place. The general fate of daintily printed volumes of poetry is not to be worn out by over much perusal, but if some copies of this are not thumbed and dog-eared by constant readers it will be indeed a wonder.

THE GREAT ARTISTS—MULREADY, by F. G. Stephens (Scribner & Welford). The art critic whose signature is so familiar to English readers has done the best with a not very great subject. Mulready is purely a local idol, and his worshippers are confined to South Kensington. Academic and scholarly in his work, it is true, yet even his "Sonnet" exhibits no trace of greatness. Still, as is often the case, his life has more to interest one than that of a far more important man. The gossip and anecdote of this book would supply a page of quotations worth extracting. Its illustrations we find better than those in some volumes of the series; possibly because, comparatively speaking, we are indifferent to the originals. They satisfy us easily. Nevertheless, the book is one of the most readable of its kind, and gives a picture of art in England during the first half of the nineteenth century that is valuable and, to say truth, not a little amusing from its serious estimate of parochial heroes.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) Aline Delano, the translator of this dainty little volume, has done her work so well that it is easy to forget that we are listening to the great pianist and composer in a language other than his own. He gives in a simple narrative the chief incidents of a rather uneventful life, telling us of his early hardships and disappointments and ultimate triumphs. Like Russia's greatest sculptor, Antakolski, her greatest musical genius is of Jewish descent, although in the volume before us we are left only to infer this from the family names of both his parents. Anton Rubinstein was born on November 16th, 1829. His first music teacher was his mother, who soon realized his great talent. She resolved to give him the best instruction to be had, and at the age of eight he was committed to the tuition of Alexander Villoing. Five years later his musical education was completed, inasmuch as thereafter he had no other teacher. In his eleventh year he gave his first public concert in Moscow, where he appeared with "no thought of shyness." "I looked upon my concerts," he says, "in the light of a plaything, like a child that I was, and as I was regarded." He speaks of having been placed on a table and caressed, after one concert, by the Empress Alexandra, wife of the Czar Nicholas. In 1840 it was his mother's wish to place him in the Paris Conservatory, but for some reason he was never admitted, perhaps because of Villoing's jealous watch over his pupils, to whom "not a being could gain access." Rubinstein gives interesting accounts of his meetings with most of the great musical men of his time. As early as 1843 he was a devoted imitator of Liszt; of his "manners and movements," even to the way he had of tossing back his hair. Dehn was his teacher in counterpoint, and Marks gave him lessons in the theory of music. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were both good friends of his mother. Rubinstein's opinion of his more recent musical contemporaries is gathered rather from what he does not say about them than what he does say. This may be summed up in his significant statement to the effect that musical composition died with Chopin.

His allusions to his professional tour in the United States in 1872 can hardly be read with satisfaction by Americans. After having played before us over two hundred times, he classes us in musical appreciation only one notch higher than the English, whom he regards as "the least musical people," and although he has been offered, he tells us, half a million dollars to give a second series of concerts in this country, he will not be tempted to meet us again. Of the English, he says "not more than two per cent can be found who have any knowledge of music." Of the French he finds sixteen per cent, and of the Germans fifty per cent.

In January, 1889, Rubinstein played in Moscow for the last time, and as he came upon the stage, at the close of the performance, to make his final bow of acknowledgment, the lid of the piano was locked. The great virtuoso made one pathetic gesture of farewell, and disappeared from the concert room, forever.

HOLIDAY BOOKS AND BOOKLETS.

ROMEO AND JULIET, illustrated by Marchetti, Corrado and Rossi. (Raphael Tuck & Sons.) This book is a survival of a class now somewhat rare, being the direct lineal descendant of the "Book of Beauty," dear to our ancestors. In its pages pretty chromolithographs adorn the old poem in a way that should endear it doubly to a large class of lady readers. The color printing is faultless as that of the most elegant "bonbonnière," and the designs, although not without spirit and grace, can yet hardly be deemed satisfying to lovers of the play. True, Juliet may have been like a heroine of conventional opera and Romeo the image of a tenor not quite so young as his rôle demands. As a holiday book to be turned over negligently, and not to be taken too seriously, this is one of the most gorgeous of the season.

ALL AROUND THE YEAR, a calendar for 1891, by Pauline Sunter, published by Lee & Shepard, consists of twelve fanciful designs on card of children, printed in two shades of brown and a flesh tint, finished with silken cord and tassels, and strongly held together by metal rings, to which is attached a chain to suspend the whole to a hook on the writing-desk or the wall. We wish that we could say that Miss Sunter's power of expression was at all equal to her power of imagination. To speak frankly, her drawing is atrociously bad.

FROM AN OLD LOVE LETTER, by Irene E. Jerome, by the same publishers as the above, offers the most delightful contrast to the ambitious yet commonplace style of holiday souvenir represented by the calendar just noticed. This little array of illuminated pages is just the sort of thing that a clever amateur may undertake with a reasonable hope of success; while the other, depending, as it does, on the correct drawing of the human figure in a variety of positions, which only an experienced artist could accomplish satisfactorily, is entirely beyond the power of a novice, and should never be attempted by one. Miss Jerome has selected for embellishment an extract from dear, quaint, old Thomas à Kempis—a name, by the way, the Philistine printer, who gives it as "Thomas A. Kempis," will be surprised to learn is not to be found in the City Directory. Although somewhat lacking in artistic unity as a whole, the arrangement of both text and ornament shows much taste and a refined feeling for color; the cover design, with its seal, bearing the sacred monogram, and silken fastening, while sober, as becomes the religious sentiments it encases, is rich and decorative. Altogether we can recommend this beautiful little publication as the most appropriate Christmas souvenir of its kind that has come under our notice.

"BABY'S KINGDOM" and "SUMMERLAND," more ambitious holiday publications than the above, also issued by Lee & Shepard, will be noticed next month.

THE GOOD THINGS OF "LIFE," Seventh Series. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) This popular reprint of the clever sketches from our sprightly weekly contemporary contains a few that are specially pertinent to artists. For example: "Was Mrs. Yellowleaf's portrait a good likeness?" "It must have been, she refused to take it from the artist," is an anecdote that comes home with vivid force to portrait painters. This conversation, overheard at a Table d'hôte on the Lake of Como, is also peculiarly technical: "Don't you, then, ever wash here?" "Oh dear no! I only scratch and rub." And the disgusted lady, who leaves the table abruptly thereupon, does not know until afterward that the speakers are members of the Royal British Water Color Society. Here is a speech of "Artemis Criticus" to his friend "Daubstick," that is needs of "he" and "she" studying a picture on an easel to point out its errors: "You ought to rely less on your color and more on your relations!" "Why, Artemis! Cousin Ned depends wholly on his relations!"—But it is unfair to pick out the plums, and superfluous at this date to lives up to its title.

THE PORTFOLIO (Macmillan & Co.) opens its September part with a clever etching by a very rising young artist, Herbert Dicksee. Although its subject, "A Lion Drinking," recalls a popular oil painting, the etching is so good that its reminiscence may be forgiven. "A Visitor for Hunter," after Hamilton Macculum, and "The Baiters," by Colin Jack, are the other full-page plates. "A Week in Somerset" is an interesting paper, co-

piously illustrated. Altogether the number is a strong one and up to the level of this excellent magazine.

THE WHIRLWIND (London, 150 Strand) is a unique paper. In its thirteen weekly numbers yet issued, it has more impudence and, it is fair to say, more art of the extreme impressionist school than any English journal. As a literary curiosity it will amuse distant readers, in spite of its very "local" gossip, while its black-and-white reproductions, after Whistler and others of his school, are well worth possessing.

NEW PRINTS.

An important reproduction of the famous "Chandos" portrait of Shakespeare has just been issued by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. Etched in life-size by Leopold Flameng, it is, at once, a very important print and one of the few authenticated portraits of the great poet. A fine original "dry-point," by C. O. Platt, entitled "An Inland Port," is a capital example of the artist and a most charming and masterly etching. A "tour de force" by Les Rios, of a water-color drawing deserves praise for its marvellous dexterity in suggesting the technique of its original.

An etching likely to find great favor is "Before School," by Kratke, after a painting by Seignac, which is just published by Mr. C. W. Kraushaar (1259 Broadway). It represents a small boy receiving his ablutions at the hands of his mother, in the open air, and is a very graceful composition. "The Pet Lamb," after Outin, by Emil Buland, is another etching of considerable merit.

At Klackner's the new etching by G. Mercier, after Leon Moran's "Miss Ann," an old-time belle with the prettiest of pretty faces, is one of the most dainty examples after this clever artist. "Sunday Morning in Sleepy Hollow," etched by James S. King, after Jennie Browncombe, is likely to be popular, being anecdotal and industry, but scarcely art. Lathrop's "Silver Morning," after a picture by Rix, is a charming print, full of quality and most decorative. So again the etching "A Dusty Road," after Lionel de Lissier, reflects glory on both painter and translator. All these and many others, issued by the same publisher (5 East Seventeenth Street), well support his reputation for knowing what are the etchings which are in popular demand.

A LARGE etching by Brunet-Debaines, "Where Aspens Quiver," is full of quiet feeling. With this Wunderlich (868 Broadway) is also showing some excellent plates by Charles O. Platt; one of "Brooklyn Bridge," "Sloops on the East River" and "Ernheim on the Rhine" are especially good. The Joachim Quartet," etched by Lowenstein, has an interest in its subject that disarms criticism, although it need hardly fear the test. "A New England Farm" and "Nashoba Creek," by Arthur F. Davis, are two etchings that display the power of selection so valuable in this art, where to know what to omit is of the first importance.

Treatment of Designs.

LANDSCAPE. (COLOR PLATE NO. 1.)

FROM the landscape by Laurent, which is one of our color plates this month, many useful lessons may be learned. When sketching from nature, there is great art in choosing the point of view so as to concentrate the interest. In the subject of this picture everything breathes peace and rest. The still water, the quiet homestead, the idle figures, the punts drawn up to the bank, all tell of harmony and repose. The winding stream carries the eye away to the far distance, thus suggesting space and atmosphere. A canvas of medium tooth or a bass-wood panel properly primed will suit the purpose well. First sketch in carefully the principal lines of the picture, omitting minor details, which should be put in later with the brush. Lay in the sky with white and cobalt blue, modified with yellow ochre and black. For the clouds take yellow ochre, Venetian red, white and black, with a little of the sky color worked in where necessary. Block in the principal shadows in the trees, water and other objects with raw umber; for the cooler shadows in the water mix white, black and cobalt blue with the raw umber. The light parts of the water are a reflex of the sky, and therefore require the same colors to be used.

For the greens the bright shades can be obtained with emerald green, lemon yellow or pale lemon chrome and black. In addition raw umber, raw Sienna, yellow ochre, Vandyck brown and possibly a touch of Antwerp blue, black and white will give all the desired tones for both grass and foliage. Venetian red, black and white will serve for the roofs of the dwellings and the foremost punt. Bring every part of the picture to the same degree of finish before touching up. There is no occasion then to wait until the painting is thoroughly dry. It can be worked up while still tacky; but if allowed to dry, it will be advisable to rub in a little prepared linseed-oil over every part of the picture before recommending work. Very little value of any kind should be used, especially in the ground work. An excellent medium can be made by mixing equal parts of spirits of turpentine, pale copal varnish and prepared linseed-oil. Do not varnish the picture until it has been prepared for at least twelve months.

"GOING TO MARKET." (COLOR PLATE NO. 2.)

To execute this charming water-color picture, first choose a good piece of Whatman's hand-made paper of fine grain, but not that known as hot pressed, which, being perfectly smooth, is more suitable for pen and ink work. Stretch the paper smoothly by dampening and pasting the edges on to a drawing board or, better still, enclosing it while wet in a frame made for the purpose. If you prefer a very even surface for working up the face, have recourse to a rounded agate, with which you can smooth down any portion of the paper as much as you please before beginning to paint on it. When the paper is thoroughly dry make a clear, clean pencil outline of your subject with an H. B. pencil. It is a mistake to use a hard pencil, because it is apt to indent the paper, and the marks it makes are difficult to erase for correction. Start by putting in boldly, clearly and simply all the darkest shadows in their exact forms and as near the finished color as possible. Leave your highest lights entirely white at first, for nothing is easier than to break a little color into them at the last, to tone them to the proper tint. Fresh bright lights are indispensable, yet very easily lost; and although there are various methods of regaining them, they never thus quite come up to the crispness of lights preserved from the first. In the old-fashioned method of water-color painting it was customary to work gradually to the full depth of tone; not so in the new school, which aims at striking the key-note at once. To obtain the fresh transparency of coloring so noticeable in this picture, a very full brush must be used, so that you lay in little pools of color in their proper form. Once laid in, do not attempt to soften or retouch in any way until the color already laid is absolutely dry. Continue this method of painting to the end. To ensure success you will need a good elastic sable brush, of medium size, with a fine point for the drapery, to which the above remarks as to treatment more

especially apply. For painting the face finer brushes will be necessary, and after the features have been put in broadly with a full brush, some amount of stippling will be required to finish up properly. Wash in the background with yellow ochre and ivory black. For the dark skirt and bodice use raw umber and crimson lake, with a touch of scarlet vermilion in the pattern on the bodice. For the apron put in the gray shadows with light neutral gray. The other colors, to be blotted in separately and not mixed on the palette, are delicate tints of scarlet vermilion, rose madder, yellow ochre and a crisp touch or two of raw umber.

For the green overskirt and sleeves use raw umber, yellow ochre, cobalt blue, lemon yellow and ivory black. If you cannot obtain with these quite so bright a green as you wish introduce a suspicion of Antwerp blue. The colors suggested for the underskirt and apron will serve for the fruit and cap trimming. For the hose, paint in first with light cadmium, then glaze with rose madder and shade with raw umber. For the shoes use raw umber, raw Sienna and yellow ochre. For the basket and flowers use yellow ochre, lemon yellow, raw umber and raw Sienna. If too bright, tone down with ivory black. Shade the cap and white sleeves with cobalt, raw umber and the faintest tinge of yellow ochre. Paint the hair with raw umber, Vandyck brown, burnt Sienna and ivory black. The broad shadows of the face are first put in with raw umber. The flesh tints require scarlet vermilion, rose madder and a little lemon yellow. A little ivory black also will probably be needed in the finishing to cool the half tones. For the lips use scarlet vermilion and rose madder, with a little raw umber for the dividing line. For the eyes take cobalt blue, modified with black and a touch of Vandyck brown for the pupil, eyelashes and eyebrows. Remember in working up that finish will come almost imperceptibly by careful attention to modelling. With every stroke of the brush refer constantly to the excellent study set before you.

CACTUS DESIGNS. (COLOR PLATE No. 3.)

FOR the large plate first draw in the design with water color, either carmine or India ink. Put a light wash of capucine over the entire flower, with the exception of the centre, which must be washed in with mixing yellow. When dry, shade the petals with deep red brown. For the stamens use red brown. In painting the buds, use apple green, mixing yellow and red brown. Outline with red brown mixed with No. 4 brown. The natural color of this cactus is bright scarlet, which can be painted with capucine laid on heavily and shaded with red brown; but deep colors are neither pretty nor artistic on table ware, and the decorations should be kept as light as possible. While the blossoms should be painted smoothly, the green leaf should represent a rough, uneven surface. The high lights in the green leaves are painted with deep blue green mixed with a little brown green or dark green No. 7. Use dark green mixed with brown green for the shadows. The thorns may be represented with red brown or gold.

The lower left-hand design, after being sketched on the plate, should have a wash of apple green and mixing yellow laid on over the centre, and be shaded with light gray and carmine No. 1 or 2. For the centre use mixing yellow, silver yellow and yellow ochre. Outline the petals with deep red brown. Tint with ivory yellow, using either green or Roman gold for the thorns. For the lower right-hand plate, after drawing in the design with India ink, put a wash of apple green over the centre, and paint the remainder of the blossom by first putting on a wash of No. 2 carmine over the petals, and shading with a gray made by mixing two thirds apple green with one third carmine No. 2. For the stamens use orange yellow shaded with sepia. Shade the buds with deep red brown. Outline the blossoms with No. 4 brown. To give variety to the greens, use as many as possible. If you use a deep blue green, shade the same leaf with brown green and dark green No. 7 mixed. For some of the leaves use moss green for the high lights and shade the same with olive green. Do not outline the leaves except to accent the form. Gold or red brown may be used for the thorns.

SALVER IN FLAT CHASED METAL.

THE salver for which this design is intended should not be larger than 15 inches, nor less than 12 inches, across, and the best form is that in which the rim is turned up at an angle of about 70 degrees, quite smoothly (that is, without any kind of fluting), which, of course, must be done before the tray is worked upon, by spinning or by the hammer. Surface it properly by rubbing it over, in a circular direction, with emery cloth, having previously poured a few drops of oil upon it. Clean off with turpentine. Then lay the design centrally upon the salver and transfer it by means of carbon paper to the metal. Point in and then attach it, face upward, to a cement block that is large enough to allow of the whole design being worked without removal. When sufficiently cold trace with a No. 16 tracer all the large sweeping curves. Do this with sufficient force to indent the pattern strongly. Then indent the smaller ones with a tool No. 13, taking care to reverse the tool, as the curve changes from convex to concave. The tracing will be much better and more quickly done if all the lines of one kind are traced first and then all those of another kind and so on, until the whole pattern is complete. As this design is intended to be carried out only in flat or surface chasing, it can be finished without once removing it from the block. Now commence to mat the background as marked, starting with the eight small heart-shaped divisions next the centre, using tool No. 117, which will enter the narrowest parts that have to be done. Next treat the sixteen lanceolate-shaped forms with pearl tool No. 41, allowing each impression of the tool to breaking into that already stamped in. The remainder of the matting should be done with a tool similar to No. 38, but square instead of oblong, in such a way that an effect is obtained somewhat like that indicated in the drawing. All these mattings should be made with force enough to slightly sink the background, and so to round the edge of the plain portions and, at the same time, obliterate the traced outline. Lastly, with ornamental punches, put in the various edgings shown. The salver is now ready for setting, an operation which must be carefully carried out to avoid flattening out the slight relief gained by the sunk background. The tray should be bright polished and not scratchbrushed. All the tools mentioned were illustrated on page 33 of The Art Amateur for August, 1890. [The article by Mr. Gawthorp upon flat chasing is unavoidably crowded out of this number.—ED.]

THE SET OF FRUIT BOWLS:

(6) *Current Blossom.*—Paint the top of the leaves grass green shaded with brown green and tinted, sometimes, toward the ends with dark carmine. Paint the under side with a tint of apple green and sky blue shaded with sepia; the stems yellow brown shaded with dark red brown. The blossoms should be outlined (unless against a tinted background) with a fine line of mixing yellow and grass green, and shaded with the same. The centre is mixing yellow.

(7) *The Scarlet Fruited Thorn.*—Outline the blossoms and buds with carmine No. 1. Tint the outside of the petals with a thin wash of the same color. Shade with a greenish gray. Centers, silver yellow shaded with orange yellow. Sepals and flower stalks, red brown. Stem, gray shaded with red brown. Leaves, grass green shaded with yellow brown on the upper side, and of mixing yellow and apple green shaded with sepia on the under side.